

'are too busy educating the young men to teach them anything/ That is particularly the danger with a subject like literature. Sometimes I have a sort of nightmare of the future, in which there are lectures on how to look at scenery, and how to see jokes, and how to make love; lectures for teaching roses how to grow and noses how to smell them; with panegyrics of the opinion of some unborn Mr. Eliot that roses are sentimental and mal-odorous, compared with the perfume of the prickly pear.

However, the place of criticism in education is here a minor point; it is its position in the modern world at large that seems to me so exaggerated. We squander on it an amount of time and energy we can ill afford; and for lack of a little ordinary scepticism we encourage in its supposed experts an arrogance as ugly as it is imbecile. For, unfortunately, there are in the modern world a number of people, mainly young, with starved religious instincts who rush, like bubbles to the side of a tea-cup, to the feet of anyone who will hold forth to them with sufficient dogmatism in a sufficiently churchyard tone of voice; just as Proust's Dr. Cottard made his fortune from the day when some friend lui conseilla l'air glacial . . .

the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* and the *Lives of the Poets*— is it

peremptoire quand il fallait parler'.

Yet there remains the other side of criticism already

mentioned— its artists, those who, instead of
vying with
astrologer and alchemist, see that literature
makes an
excellent subject for literature, however
little it lends it-
self to science. Look back on the literary
criticism of the
past: how much of it survives because of its
literary, not
its critical, worth— for its happy style or
vigorous ex-